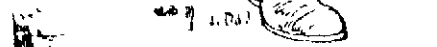


**WORK OF THE TEACHERS.**  
The Institute Having Profitable Sessions at  
the High School.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation,  
sick headache. &c at druggists.



MANAGER GOVE SLIGHTLY DEPRESSED

point and Canton knew it. The effort was frequently tried but a repulse was the usual result. Wittman and Parker were on guard there and made many brilliant tackles. Wales, Markel, Smith, Wisdom and Lantz played well. Canton forced Piero repeatedly through the Million line; with four and five men at back it was utterly impossible to stop a rush with only the line resisting. Instead of the backs supporting the line with a scrimmage in progress, they came back evidently to guard against end runs. This was practiced even when the ball was in the center and a pass impossible. The Million boys played faultlessly individually but failed to mass their strength at opportune moments. Within a week's training the team of yesterday

In the first half Canton kicked off with Wisdom who failed to gain. Canton, the ball on downs and reached the 3 y line. Piero was forced over, but Watson secured the ball, making a safety score but two points for Canton. After Morrison's kick off the same tactics were successfully used by Canton against the line with occasional attempts at ends. Piero was again forced over

goal line and Beetham kicked goal. Score 8 to 0.

Massillon rallied in the second half and played faster. Had the delay but less in the first half the result might have differed. The ball changed repeatedly on downs and honors were for nine even. Jahn, however, made a yard dash around the right end and Pigg was again sent through the line to goal. The kick failed. The game closed with the score 12 to 0. Harry March, Canton, officiated as referee and Thos. J. Massillon as umpire.

The line up:

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Massillon.....  | Cantor           |
| J. Wittman..... | L. E. Cunningham |
| Wales.....      | L. T. R.         |
| Lantz.....      | L. G. He         |
| (Pflug.....     | C. G. u          |
| (Vogt.....      |                  |
| Marble.....     | R. G. Turn       |
| (Pflug.....     | R. T. Rowla      |
| Wittman.....    | R. E. Coma       |
| Pa...           |                  |
| Koons.....      | Q. J.            |
| Smith.....      | L. H. B. eeth    |
| Wisdom.....     | R. H. Gels       |

Johns..... F B..... P  
Harrison..... sub..... Pump

**Wheat Touches One Dollar.**

TOLEDO, Nov. 28.—[By Associated Press]—Large sales of No. 2 red wheat or May delivery were made at \$1 tod amid loud cheering. At the same time Chicago quotations were 85½ and New York 91. The demand is for export milling.

Take your magazines etc. to THE DEPENDENT office and have them bound



THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,  
1885  
30 North Erie St., Massillon, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1885.  
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.  
SUNDAY FOUNDED IN 1886.

Long Distance Telephone No. 50.  
Farmer's Telephone No. 50.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1896.

If the miners of the country want a sound and reliable man to lead them, in place of P. H. Penna, who expects to retire, they can do no better than to promote the Ohio state president, M. D. Hatchford. He is experienced, conservative and well informed.

The return of the veteran Archibald McGregor to the editorial control of the Canton News-Democrat, after a retirement of eight years, will be welcomed throughout Stark county. The controlling interest, recently held by Messrs. E. S. Ruff, A. A. Thayer, R. S. Shields and J. H. Reigner, has been purchased by the McGregors, father and son, who with J. C. Harmony, W. K. Warwick, A. Howells, C. R. Frazer and F. Willenborg constitute the company. Mr. McGregor will make the paper an out and out free silver advocate, and every influence associated with it will follow the same direction. THE INDEPENDENT rejoices that Mr. McGregor is again in the harness he never should have left off.

#### SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND.

"The constitution of the United States is the supreme law, and every law of congress, every state constitution and every state law must be brought to the test of this supreme law, and is valid or invalid as it stands, or fails to stand, that test," writes ex-President Harrison in an article on "The Judicial Department of the Government," in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "The interpretation and enforcement of the national constitution and laws could not, for several obvious reasons, be left to the state courts. Uniformity of interpretation would be impossible if the Supreme Appellate Courts of the States could, each for itself and finally, for the people of the particular state, construe the national constitution and laws. And especially questions affecting the conflicting powers of a state and of the national government could not be left to the decision of the state court. If the powers given to the national government were to be maintained and uniformly and beneficially exercised it was essential that the final judicial determination of the scope and limits of these powers should be confided to national courts. It would not have done in 1861 to submit the question of the right of a state to secede from the Union to the Supreme Court of South Carolina."

#### THE ART OF DINING.

Mr. A. Kennedy Herbert, in the National Review, discusses in a most entertaining manner upon the Aesthetics of the Dinner Table. Mr. Herbert classifies the literature of cookery, and divides it into three distinct groups: In the first group, practical treatises which are intended to educate the cook and refresh his memory; in the second, scientific works, which deal with the chemistry of cooking, and in the third, the aesthetics of the dinner table. The paper goes on to tell about some quaint records of bygone oddities of diet, interwoven with descriptions of pleasant little festivals at which politics and intrigue may have played a subtle part. The art of eating and drinking appears to have been discussed philosophically from the year 1620 down to the present time, in which the necessity of attention to gastronomy is fully recognized, and when enlightened views of the characteristics of a nice dinner have been generally adopted. A little meal suggested in a book published in the seventeenth century, is aesthetic as it is brief in its simplicity: "A couple of poached eggs, sprinkled with vinegar, seasoned with black pepper and salt, served with bread and butter and completed with a draught of pure claret."

Further on we read of a dinner in which there were, "no high spiced sauces, no dark brown gravies, no flavor of cayenne and all-spice, no tincture of catnip and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good, old times, fire and water,"—only "distillations of the most delicate viands extracted in silver dews with chemical precision." With less genius than went to the composition of such a dinner, men have written epic poems.

#### BOARD OF COMMERCE.

The work of the Ohio State Board of Commerce concerns the interests of every Ohioan, and is undertaken in such a spirit that it should have hearty support. For instance, at the third annual meeting, which is to be held on Wednesday, December 9, the topics to be taken up and discussed are epitomized as follows:

"The exercise of the veto power as a restraint upon hasty, ill-digested and unconstitutional legislation.  
"The obstruction and denial of justice by delays in the courts and the excessive cost of litigation.  
"A tax system which will afford sufficient revenue for all necessary purposes, without obstructing the normal development of our industrial, commercial and

financial interests, and without injustice or injury to any class of citizens.

"The government of the cities by uniform laws: no special legislation; restraints upon municipal extravagance and misrule.  
"The too great frequency of elections, distracting the people from their ordinary pursuits and occupations, and creating great disturbance in business and industry.  
"An intelligent suffrage the only safe foundation for enlightened government.  
"Safeguards for the granting and exercise of corporate privileges. Stockholders' liability.  
"The steady increase in the cost of government and number of officials.  
"The corrupting influence of the fee system of compensating public officers.  
"A method of congressional discharging that will prevent a repetition of the outrageous partisan gerrymanders in the past."

These topics are suggested by the local boards of trade, affiliating with the state board. The Massillon organization is ably represented at these meetings, and the conclusions reached are likely to be pressed upon the general assembly with such force as to lead to statutory enactments.

President Perkins is discussing the work of the state board and the proposed revision of the constitution says: "In November, 1897, the electors of the state will vote upon a proposition, authorized by an act of the general assembly at its last session, to hold a constitutional convention in 1898. The methods provided in the act for taking this vote are such that in the opinion of well-informed persons the proposition will be adopted. Whatever the ultimate result may be of the movement to revise the fundamental law, the only safe course for conservative and patriotic citizens to take is to assume that the constitutional convention will be held and that its work will be accepted when completed—and to act accordingly. To be effective, such action must begin now, with the view to creating sound public sentiment on the great questions involved in constitution making. Neglect of this plain duty of enlightened citizenship may be fraught with severest consequences to the commercial and producing interests upon whose safe and continuous operation the welfare of the whole people depends."

#### KENTUCKY VOTE CANVASSED.

McKinley 12, Bryan 1, the Result—Democrats Will Contest.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 28.—The state canvassing board, consisting of state auditor, secretary of state and auditor general, has canvassed the returns of the recent election. The canvassing board has already footed returns and read them with explanations of their action in cases where the returns were technically irregular. In every case they had waived unimportant technicalities and counted returns as made. The Democrats received greater benefits than Republicans from this course.

The official footing gives Cash, the leading Republican elector, 218,171 votes, and Smith, the leading Democratic elector, 217,890 votes. McKinley's official plurality in the state is 281. Smith, who headed the Bryan electoral ticket, defeats Wedding and Howes, the two lowest McKinley electors, who are tied. The electoral college will decide which of these electors shall vote. The count gives McKinley Kentucky by 281 plurality and 12 out of 13 electors. The canvass of congressional returns made no changes. Under the state law, 30 days after the canvass is given in which to file notice of contest.

Suter, representing the Silver Democrats, stated to your representative that eleven contests of seats of Republican electors were prepared and would be filed by Monday.

General Lee Will Return to Havana.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Officials of the state department attach no importance to the rumors that Consul General Lee will not return to his post at Havana because he is said to be unacceptable to the Spanish authorities there. There is no present change in General Lee's purpose to return to his post at an early day.

Will Die For Killing His Family.

AUSTIN, Nov. 28.—The jury in the Burt murder trial found him guilty of murder in the first degree and fixing the punishment at death. Burt murdered his wife and two children and threw their bodies in a cistern. He then went to Chicago, where he was arrested.

The Oregon a Great Ship.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 28.—The battleship Oregon has returned from a short cruise undertaken to give a board of inspection an opportunity of looking her well over. It was given out unofficially that the trial had been a great success.

Criticized the Battleship Texas.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The navy department has received the report of the court of inquiry which investigated the condition of the battleship Texas. It is understood to be a severe criticism of the ship.

Forman Takes the Oath of Office.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Mr. W. S. Forman of Illinois, the newly appointed commissioner of internal revenue, has taken the oath of office and entered on the discharge of his duties.

Will Cut Miners' Wages.

DENVER, Nov. 28.—The Denver Times says that the Anaconda Mining company at Butte, Mon., has given notice to its men of a cut in wages, commencing Dec. 1, from \$3.50 to \$3 a day, and the other big mining companies say they will follow suit.

Keane Soon to Go to Rome.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Bishop J. J. Keane, late of the Washington university, has passed through this city on his way to the east. He will, within a short time, sail for Rome, where he will become a member of the Roman propaganda.

The Weather.

Clearing, probably rain in the afternoon; decidedly colder, with a cold wave; freezing temperature for two days; brisk to high northwesterly winds.

## PREPARING HIS MESSAGE.

The President's Annual Address to Congress.

### CABINET OFFICERS CONFERENCE.

How the Important Document Is Drawn.

#### FORECAST OF ITS CONTENTS.

Recommendations Which Mr. Cleveland Will Make—May Not Mention Cuba. Statements Regarding the Venezuelan Controversy Will Contain No News—Appropriations to Be Urged For Department Purposes—The Treasury and the External Bond Question.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The constitution requires of the president that he shall "communicate with congress from time to time" about public business. Mr. Cleveland has found it necessary to communicate with congress often than any one of his predecessors.

Not only has Mr. Cleveland written more messages than any other president, but he has written as many as all the others. His veto record is responsible for this. He got in the habit of vetoing pension bills during his first term and easily outdid all the presidents in this respect. This made a very long list of messages. Then he has had a great many important questions to determine, and in the settlement of each of them it has been necessary to carry on more or less correspondence with congress. In the early days of the republic the president and congress were on speaking terms, but now the president holds no communication with congress orally. Whatever he has to say he puts in the form of a message, and congress replies in the form of a resolution, which is carried to the White House by one of the clerks of the house or the senate.

President Cleveland is a very laborious man. He delights in work apparently, for he gives an extraordinary amount of attention to the details of public affairs, and be-

words flowed more freely when he could see them on the paper before him. He used a pencil and a pad of soft paper when writing all his early messages, and much of the work was done in his bedroom. He would sit there at night, writing until he was tired, and then he would go to bed. Four years ago he wrote his last annual message to congress, and most of it was dictated, because he was nervous and unable to write. Mrs. Harrison had died not long before, and following that misfortune had come his defeat for re-election. He was worn out with sleeplessness and worry, and he did not feel equal to the task of preparing the message alone, so he dictated most of it to his stenographer, E. F. Tibbott. Mr. Tibbott copied it on the typewriter, and it was revised by the president before it went to the printer.

I have said that President Cleveland writes all his annual messages. I mean by that all of the message which he composes. A great part of the message is contributed by his hired men. The members of the cabinet not only make recommendations to the president, but supply the language in which he is to make recommendations to congress. So that the ponderous message with its 16,000 words devoted to every executive question of importance is a composite production written by many pens, beginning with the clerk in one of the government bureaus and ending with the president.

#### President Harrison's Attention to Detail.

There are always certain questions in which the president takes a lively personal interest. It was said of President Harrison at the Minneapolis convention that he had been secretary of state when serious matters were before the state department and secretary of the treasury when financial affairs were in a critical state. This was true. It has been true of Mr. Cleveland that when serious questions have troubled any one of his cabinet people he has taken an active personal part in their consideration. On these subjects the president has his own ideas, and he expresses them to congress in his own way. If they do not agree with the views of the cabinet people, the cabinet people have to stand aside. The president's message is his own, and in it he can make what suggestions he likes.

But there are many things about which the president knows very little personally which congress has to consider. The heads of the departments outline to the president the things they would like to have congress do. The postmaster general recommends changes in the postal laws and the secretary of the interior legislation concerning the Indians, pensions and other things which come under his special control. If the recommendations are unobjectionable and concern things on which the president himself has no original ideas,

reads aloud what is ready to go to the printer. The cabinet members are expected to make suggestions, and if the president approves what they say he changes the manuscript accordingly. Usually the suggestion comes from the cabinet member interested in the part of the message being read, but where a grave question of public policy is at issue any one may speak, and quite as likely as not the secretary of the treasury will make a valuable suggestion concerning the foreign policy of the government or the secretary of agriculture will propose a theory in finance.

When the message is complete, a special meeting of the cabinet is held, and the whole is read for final revision. Then another copy is made and compared carefully. From this Assistant Secretary Pruden, who is one of the oldest of the executive clerks, makes a copy in a round, flowing hand on the official blue paper of the government.

In the typewritten copy the president's name is printed, or "typed," as the word colliers would have it. This first copy is



TAKING THE COPY TO THE PRINTING OFFICE. put in a heavy linen envelope, securely sealed and sent by a mounted messenger to the government printing office. There the public printer gives a receipt for it and becomes responsible for its safe keeping.

#### Printing the Message.

The responsibility is not light. The newspapers of the country are all anxious to get a "beat" on the annual message, and any one of the big journals would give \$1,000 or more for a copy of it. Every precaution is taken. The copy is set up in a private composing room by a picked set of compositors, and each night the copy, the forms of type and the proofs are locked in the vaults. Every piece of paper that goes into the composing room must be accounted for, like the special paper at the bureau of engraving on which treasury notes and bonds are printed. When the matter is set up, half a dozen copies of the message are run off, and with the original copy are delivered at the White House. These copies are to be furnished to the local newspapers and the press associations the night before the message is delivered. On the day the message is to be sent to congress the public printer delivers several hundred of the printed copies at the White House, and Mr. Pruden takes them with him to the capitol.

Mr. Pruden's journey to the capitol is made in the White House carriage. He rides alone. On the seat before him lie two big white envelopes. In each is a copy of the message, written on official paper. One is for the senate, the other for the house. Beside them is a bundle of the printed copies. At the senate and house word is received over the government telegraph when Mr. Pruden has started on his journey. It takes him about ten minutes to make the trip. In that time the business before the senate has been hustled out of the way, and everything is ready for the receipt of the message when his familiar figure appears at the door of the senate chamber.

Alonzo Stewart, the acting assistant doorkeeper and chief of the pages, who succeeded the venerable Bassett not long ago, goes up the center aisle to meet Mr. Pruden, announces him to the vice president and receives from him the written message and one of the printed copies. The big envelope is opened at the desk, and Secretary Cox takes out the message; then, in an exulting voice, the secretary begins to read, not from the written but from the printed copy. Other printed copies have been distributed to the senators, and most of them skim these rapidly without listening to Mr. Cox's droning voice. Meantime Mr. Pruden goes to the house and enacts his part in the same program there.

When the reading of the message is concluded, each house adjourns until the following day.

#### Forecasts of the Message.

There is always a pretty fair forecast of the features of the president's message published a day or two in advance of its delivery to congress. Members of the cabinet let leak a little here and there, and the Washington correspondents quickly catch it up. But sometimes they are taken wholly unprepared. The chief interest in the present message centers in the Cuban question, of course, and it is quite possible the country will not know what recommendations the president has to make until the message is published. It is possible also that even then the administration's attitude will be unknown, for the president may reserve Cuba for a special message to be sent a little later. No one, however, believes the president will recommend the recognition of the insurgent Cubans as belligerents. The news on the Venezuelan question which the message will contain has been discounted. These are the important questions to come under the head of foreign affairs. In the treasury department there is the eternal bond question and the retirement of the greenbacks, on which the president is expected to renew his recommendations of a year ago. The country will be much interested to see whether he persists in his statement of last December that the government's income is sufficient for its needs.

In the matter of the navy, there will be no doubt a recommendation for a substantial increase. There is not thought to be much likelihood that the president will recommend the increase in the army desired by General Miles. In the agricultural department affairs the chief point of interest is the \$2,000,000 which Secretary Morton has saved to the government in four years. The postoffice department has many small things to ask of congress through the president—indemnity for owners of lost registered letters, entertainment for the delegates to the postal congress in 1897, pensions for railway mail clerks, etc. The interior department has also many small things to ask; so has the department of justice. Many of them have figured in other messages. Many will appear for the first time in the message over which the president is now working night and day.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## TODAY'S MARKETS.

Latest Reports From the Centers of Trade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The failure of rallies in the last part of the week has encouraged the bears. Bull leaders expect nothing in the market until after the President's message to Congress, which is expected to be a bull factor. The feature in exchange is continued purchases of long bills and pledging the same in loans. There is some talk of a dividend in rubber. It is estimated that Reading must increase net earnings \$3,000,000 over the year just ended to pay dividend on the first and second preferred. Considerable long stock was marketed above 80. The bank statement for the week was a good one and is as follows:

Reserve increased ..... \$ 2,106,000  
Loans ..... 8,856,300  
Specie ..... 437,600  
Legals ..... 5,253,200  
Deposits ..... 14,339,000  
Circulation decreased ..... 113,900

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Wheat opened 1/2 cent higher on strong cables, which were 1 1/2 cents higher and advanced to 85 1/2, but turned and sold off at 84 and closed at 83 1/2. But wheat was due for a break having gone up from 78c with hardly any good breaks and we think that on such a break wheat is a good purchase. The clearances for the day was 390,000 bushels and for the week, wheat and flour, both coasts, was 3,641,000 bushels against 3,987,000 last week and 2,460,000 last year. San Francisco reported three steamers chartered for shipment of wheat, two cargoes for Australia and one cargo for Cape Town. All the closing cables came higher.

Wheat, Open- ing High- est Low- est Close  
May ..... 83 1/2 85 1/2 83 1/2 83 1/2  
Dec. .... 81 1/2 83 1/2 81 1/2 81 1/2  
Oats ..... 19 1/2 20 1/2 19 1/2 19 1/2  
Dec. .... 22 1/2 23 1/2 22 1/2 22 1/2  
Corn ..... 23 1/2 24 1/2 23 1/2 23 1/2  
Dec. .... 27 1/2 28 1/2 27 1/2 27 1/2  
Pork ..... 6 7/8 7 1/8 6 7/8 6 7/8  
Jan. .... 7 5/8 7 7/8 7 5/8 7 5/8  
May ..... 8 2/8 8 5/8 8 2/8 8 1/2  
Lard ..... 3 7/8 4 1/8 3 7/8 3 7/8  
Dec. .... 3 7/8 4 1/8 3 7/8 3 7/8  
Jan. .... 4 1/8 4 3/8 4 1/8 4 1/8  
Cash Wheat, ..... 4 7/8 4 4/8 4 3/8 4 2/8  
Oats ..... 23 1/2  
Corn ..... 23 1/2  
Pork ..... 6 7/8  
Lard ..... 3 7/8

TOLEDO, Nov. 28.—(By Associated Press)—Wheat 97 1/2 asked.

The following figures show fluctuations of stocks as furnished by T. B. Arnold's exchange:

open- ing high low close  
American sugar ..... 117 1/2 117 1/2 117 1/2  
C. B. & Q ..... 78 1/2 78 1/2 78 1/2  
Chicago gas ..... 70 1/2 70 1/2 70 1/2  
General electric ..... 32 1/2 32 1/2 32 1/2  
Louisville & Nashville ..... 49 1/2 49 1/2 49 1/2  
Manhattan ..... 96 1/2 96 1/2 96 1/2  
Northwestern ..... 104 1/2 104 1/2 104 1/2  
Reading ..... 74 1/2 74 1/2 74 1/2  
St. Paul ..... 102 1/2 102 1/2 102 1/2  
U. S. Leather ..... 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2  
Western Union ..... 87 1/2 87 1/2 87 1/2

#### The Massillon Market.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon market for grain and produce on this date, November 28, 1896.

Wheat, per bushel ..... 84-85  
Oats, per bushel ..... 16-18  
Corn, per bushel ..... 25-26  
Barley, per bushel ..... 40-42  
Flax Seed, per bushel ..... 12-13  
Clover Seed, per bushel ..... 14-15  
Timothy Seed, per bushel ..... 11-12  
Bran, per 100 lbs ..... 10-11  
Middlings, per 100 lbs ..... 12-13  
Hay, (old), per ton ..... 10-11  
Hay, (new), per ton ..... 10-11

#### PRODUCE.

Choice Butter, per lb ..... 13-15  
Eggs, per dozen ..... 18-20  
Lard, per 100 lbs ..... 5-6  
Hams, per lb ..... 10-11  
Shoulders, per lb ..... 9-10  
Sides, per lb ..... 8-9  
Cheese, per lb ..... 12-13  
White beans, per bushel ..... 10-11  
Potatoes, new ..... 35-40  
Onions, ..... 20-25  
Apples, new ..... 10-12  
Peaches, but ..... 5-6  
Evaporated Apples, ..... 18-20  
Chickens, live ..... 10-12  
Chickens, spring, dressed ..... 10  
Dried Peaches, unpacked ..... 4-5  
Salt, per barrel ..... 90-91

#### Inaugurat on Plans.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 28.—(By Associated Press)—Gen. Horace Porter, grand marshal of the inauguration of McKinley, is here. He spent an hour with Mr. Hanna discussing plans. Senator Foraker left for Canton this morning to visit McKinley.

#### CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small.  
No city so large.  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific,  
names known for all that is truthful,  
all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.  
They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and

tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.  
The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb;  
Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.  
All, all sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.  
On November 17, December 1 and 15, 1896, the North Western Line (Chicago & North Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, general passenger and ticket agent, C. & N. W. Ry, Chicago.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE





# I.

The conductor had eyed Lambert curiously as he punched his ticket. He held it for a moment and edged his lantern around so that its feeble light could reinforce the glimmer from the bleared and smoky globe above Lambert's curly head. The train had started from the junction with that quick series of back-wrenching jerks which all veteran travelers remember as characteristic of American railways, before the introduction of "coupler buffers." It was a shabby, old-fashioned train—one whose cars had "seen service," and not a little of it, during the long and eventful war so recently closed. It had a baggage car behind the wheezy old wood-burner that drew the rickety procession out into the dim, starlit aisle through the eastward forest, and, for the first time in a week, that baggage car contained a trunk. It had a "smoker," in which three or four negroes were soundly sleeping on the worn cushions at the forward end, and three or four lank, shabbily-dressed whites were consuming tobacco and killing time under the single lamp at the other. It had a "ladies' car"—so called—in which no ladies were visible, and which differed in appointments from the smoker only in the fact that its seats were upholstered in dingy red plush instead of blackened canvas, and that both its lamps could be induced to burn, however feebly, instead of only one. It was a forlorn, hangdog, shame-faced sort of train, that seemed oppressed with a sense of its own disrepute—a train that kept in hiding during the broad light of day and ventured to slink forth only after nightfall, like some impoverished debtor, not loving the darkness better than light because of evil deeds, but hating it as it hated its own shabbiness, and accepting it as only one plane above total decrepitude, the junk shop and the poorhouse. Starting at dusk from a populous station on a north and south "trunk" line, it turned and twisted through red clay cuttings, jolted over mud-covered ties and moss-grown trestles, whistling shrill to wake the watchers at "cross-country" stations on the way, and finally, after midnight, rested an hour at a prominent point, a "state center," where, sometimes at one o'clock but generally long after, the night express came glaring up from the south along the glistening rails of another "great northern" route, and three nights in the week, perhaps, gave it a sleepy passenger or two to trundle away westward towards the big river town it managed to reach by sunrise, once more to slink out of sight until dark, when again it crept forth and stole away on the return trip over its clanking road, unresentful of comment on its loneliness and poverty, and proud, if anything, of the fact that this way, at least, it ran "right end foremost," according to the American idea, with the baggage instead of the ladies' car next the struggling engine.

It was a clear, starlit night, sharply cold, and the planks of the platform at the junction had snapped and creaked under their glistening white coat of frosty rime. The up train came in even later than usual—so much so that the stationmaster had more than once asked his friend the conductor of the waiting "Owl" whether he really thought he could "make it" over to Quitman in time for the down express at dawn. "You'd better pull out the minute she gits hyuh," was his final injunction when at last her whistle was heard.

A lithe, active young fellow in a trim suit of tweed had sprung from the sleeper before the incoming train had fairly stopped, and, hailing the first man he saw, asked: "Train for Tugaloo gone yet?" which so astonished the party addressed that he simply stared for a minute without reply. A voice in the wilderness, apparently, was heard above the hissing of steam and the loud mouthings of the negro porters of the two rival hotels. "All aboard for Quitman," it said, and, abandoning his apparent purpose of repeating the question in sharper tone, the young fellow turned and ran nimbly across the dimly-lighted platform in the direction of the hall.

"Quitman train?—Tugaloo?" he asked of a dark form standing above the tail light of the car.

"Quitman it is. Anybody else thar?" And the interrogative went off in a shout. No answer.

"Aw, Hank! Anybody else?" Still no answer. Two or three dim figures were by this time clustered around the flaring torch of a coffee stand at the edge of the platform. The conductor got off and walked impatiently towards them.

"Any you gentlemen for Quitman?" he asked.

"Quitman? Hell, no! What's any man want to go thar for night like this? Pull out with your old sneezer, Jimmy, 'nless you'll stop and take a cup of coffee."

"Oh, that you, cap? Ain't you got anybody for us? Thought the judge was comin' up to-night."

"Warn't on my car," said the brakeman of the express, possessively.

"Young feller 'n the sleeper all I know of."

"Got him," answered the conductor, as briefly as possible for a man long attuned to the southern drawl and whose "got" was more like "gawt." "Reckon we might as well git, then," he continued, returning to the colloquial present indicative of a verb of manifold meaning and usefulness. "Tell Hank, will you?—Let 'er go, Jack," he shouted to the engineer, with a wave of his lantern. A yelp from the whistle was the answer; the fireman crawled out from a warm corner in the baggage car and shambled drowsily forward to the cab. Sudden jets of steam flew hissing out on the frosty air. One after another the three cars lunged sharply forward and then slowly rolled forth into the night. The conductor clambered up the rear steps with parting wave of his lantern, slammed the door after him and came up the narrow aisle to look at his passenger. Before he had time to speak, however, his attention was attracted by a succession of yells from the track to their rear. Giving an angry yank at the bell rope he whirled about and hurried to the door. The train came willingly to a sudden stand, and Lambert, stowing his hand luggage on the empty seat before him, heard the following lively colloquy, as did everybody else who happened to be awake and within a radius of 200 yards:

"What d'you want?"

"Come back hyuh, I say."

"What d'you wa-want? I ain't goin' to back in thar now."

"Hyuh's a trunk."

"Wha-at?"

"A tru-nk."

"Why in hell didn't you sling it abawd fust off?" sung out the conductor, disgustedly. "Ain't you fellows got any brains? Back up, Jack!" he shouted forward, signaling with his lantern again. "Somebody's left a hand-bawx, by crimony!" And so, growling volubly, the custodian of the "Owl" swung himself out from the steps, hanging by the left hand to the iron railing and holding extended his green and white lantern with the other. A couple of stalwart negroes came panting forward to meet them, the offending trunk on their shoulders, and went stumbling up the sloping embankment towards the slowly-backing baggage car. The light from the lantern fell on the new canvas cover and on the fresh brown finish of the straps and handles, then on the inscription in bold black letters at the end:

I. N. LAMBERT,  
U. S. ARMY.

At sight of which the conductor checked the half-jocular, half-resentful tirade he was composing for the benefit of the stationmaster and abruptly asked:

"Whuh's it goin'?"

"Tugaloo, suh," said the rearmost negro.

"Well, hump it abawd, 'n be quick about it." Then, raising his voice, he shouted across the platform: "Shuah you ain't gawt a feedin'-hawtle or a cake of soap or sm' other truck to fetch me back again, Hank? Dawg gawn 'f I reckon we ever will get to Quitman 't this rate!"

The daffies about the coffee-stand gave a gurgle of sympathetic rejoicing over the official's humor. The conductor was evidently more popular than the station master. One of the trunk bearers came lunging in at the front door of the car, and, humble yet confident, appealed to Lambert:

"Little somethin', suh, fur totin' de trunk. Bin los', mos' like, 'f it had a' bin fr us. Thanky, suh. Thanky." And the negro's eyes danced, for the doucoun handed him by the young owner of the vagrant baggage exceeded his hopes. He strove, indeed, to turn and renew his thanks at the rear door, but was collared and hustled unceremoniously off the car.

"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?" asked the conductor, finally, and with that odd emphasis expressive of doubt as to a passenger's knowledge of his own intentions so often heard in our thinly-settled districts. Lambert interpreted it to mean "Anybody else, perhaps, but not you." He was already cogitating as to whether or not the conductor had intended some covert sneer in his recent reference to "feeding-bottles," for Lambert was but one-and-twenty, and youthful-looking for his years. The tone of this inquiry and the look which accompanied it after deliberate pause and study of the proffered ticket, however, were far from aggressive or discourteous, yet the unintentional misplacement of the emphasis, following an allusion equally hapless and alike unintentional, had given umbrage to the boy.

"You must expect to hear no end of unpleasant things," he had been told at department headquarters, where he had received orders to go on and join his company, then in camp at Tugaloo. "Everybody is mighty sore yet over the late unpleasantness. Hold your tongue and keep your temper." were the parting injunctions; and he meant to do both. All the same he did not intend to allow people to treat him with discourtesy—certainly not a conductor of a public

railway. Lambert was on his dignity in a moment. He looked the railway man straight in the eye and replied, with all the calm and deliberation he could muster: "My ticket would seem to indicate that such was my intention," and almost immediately regretted it, for the conductor looked up in sudden surprise, stood one instant irresolute, then saying: "Oh! All right," turned abruptly away, walked up beyond the stove, and roughly shaking the elbow of a snoring passenger, sung out: "Coatesville," and let himself out with an emphatic bang of the door.

Two days later, when asked at Quitman what sort of a fellow the new lieutenant seemed to be, Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, himself a soldier of large experience and no little ability—a man who had fought his way from the ranks to the command of the remnant of a regiment that laid down its battered arms among the very last, a man not five years Lambert's senior in age, but lustrous ahead of him in the practical details of his profession—Mr. Scroggs, the conductor, promptly said: "He's a dam little fool," and never dreamed how much he should one day deplore it.

"Newt" Lambert, as he was known among his intimates, was far from being a fool. He had seen very little of the world, it is true, and, until this December night, next to nothing of the sunny south, where at this particular period in our national history it was not every man who could so conduct himself as not to fall into error. More especially in the military service was an old head needed on young shoulders, and a strong head between new shoulder-straps, for army life so soon after the great war was beset by snares and temptations it rarely hears of now, and many a fellow, brave and brainy both, in the days that tried men's souls 'twixt Big Bethel and Appomattox, or Belmont and Bentonville, went down in the unequal tussle with far far more insidious than faced him in the field, but which met him day and night now that peace had come. It was at a time when the classes graduating from the military academy were being assigned mainly to the staff corps and to the artillery and cavalry regiments. Lambert fancied that he should prefer the associations and much prefer the stations of the artillery to those of any other corps, but an old friend of his father's, himself a veteran gunner, advised the young fellow to seek his fortune elsewhere. "If you are commissioned a lieutenant of artillery," said he, "it may be 70 years before you see your captaincy." And, though this was within three years after the reorganization of the army in '66, not one of Lambert's contemporaries who trusted to luck and applied for the artillery had yet come within hopeful range of the double bars. Lambert amazed them all when he asked for the infantry arm and took his commission thankfully.

He had been detailed for summer duty at the Point, as was then a custom, so that his leave of absence of three months did not begin until the 28th of August. He had been assigned to a regiment whose ranks were sadly depleted by the yellow fever, and which was still serving in the south. "You won't have to hoof it out to Idaho or Montana, anyhow," said a sympathetic friend, "and you'll have no end of fun at New Orleans."

But Lambert's company was not at New Orleans. Under recent orders it had been sent up into the heart of the country, where some turbulent spirits, so it was alleged, had been defying the civil officers of the general government, and by the time the short southern winter set in more than half his regiment, together with three or four others, had been distributed by companies or detachments all over the gulf states, and experienced officers were scarce as hens' teeth. The duty was unwelcome and galling. Lambert's captain lost no time in getting on staff duty, and G Company went into camp at Tugaloo under command of its first lieutenant. Arriving at New Orleans, Lambert reported himself at the headquarters of the general commanding, who knew the boy's father, welcomed the son for old friendship's sake, and told his chief of staff to keep him there a week or so, that he might see something of the southern metropolis and of his friends down at the barracks before going to his exile "up the road." Dining the very next evening at Capt. Cram's, with Waring and Pierce, of the light battery, and perhaps rather ruefully agreeing with them that he had "made a beastly fluke of it, going into the doughboys," Lambert was asked: "Who's in command of your company now?"

"Our first lieutenant," said he. "I don't know much about him—Brevet Capt. Close."

Whereupon Waring laid down his knife and fork. "Angels and ministers of grace!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't the oddest contre-temps I ever heard of!" And then they all began to laugh.

"You evidently know him," said Lambert, somewhat nettled and a trifle ill at ease. "Why did you ask me about him? Somebody told me he had been commissioned for heroism—special bravery in action, or something of that kind—during the war."

"Gospel truth," said Pierce. "Close is the most absolutely fearless man I ever met. Nothing even Waring could ever do or say would ruffle him." And then, though Mrs. Cram declared it a shame, she, too, joined in the general laughter. Close was evidently a celebrity.

And now, as Lambert found himself within a few miles—though it might be several hours—of his destination, he was thinking not a little of the officer whose presence he was so soon to report his own, and whose companionship and influence, for good or for ill, he was bound to accept for the simple reason that, so far as he could learn, there was absolutely no one else with whom he could associate—except, possibly, the "contract doctor."

Quitting New Orleans after a long day's sight-seeing with his friends, he

had sought a berth in the Pullman and slept soundly until aroused by the porter after two o'clock to change cars at the junction. Now he was wide awake, and, after the first few miles of jolting and grinding through the darkness, was becoming chilled and lonesome—perhaps a trifle homesick. Twice had the conductor bustled through the train, rousing sleeping passengers and seeing them safely off at dark and mysterious stations where hardly a glimmer of lamp or candle could be seen away from the mere shanty which served as a waiting-room and office. A heap of wood was stacked up near the stove, and Lambert poked the waning embers and piled on fresh fuel, whereat a young man who had got on at Coatesville with a shotgun and a big bottle for luggage, and who had for nearly an hour been singing sentimental snatches to his own deep satisfaction, now smiled maudlin approval and companionably held forth the bottle. "S good," said he, in loyal defense of the stimulant most courteously declined. "Bes' thing you can take these co' mawnin's. Live 'bout hyuh an' where?"

"No," said Lambert, civilly, yet hoping not to be further questioned. He busied himself again with the fire, then, rising quickly, sought his seat.

But the young man with the flask was gregarious and bubbling over with the milk of human kindness. He promptly lurched after, and, flopping down on the opposite seat, sending some of Lambert's belongings clattering to the floor, held out his hand.

"Scuse me, suh," he stuttered. "I hope I ain't fended you. My name's Potts—Barton Potts. We ain't what we were befo' the wah, you know. But I know a gen'l'm'n—every time. Hope I ain't 'sulted—"

"Not by any means!" protested Lambert, loudly and heartily. "Don't think of such a thing! I simply didn't feel like drinking; but I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"Tha's right. Tha's all right," said Mr. Potts, grasping Lambert's hand and shaking it impressively. "I—hello! Wha's that?"

Lambert's sword, encased in chamois-skin, had come in contact with the stranger's elbow and gone rattling under the seat. Potts made a precipitate dive and fished it out, regaining his equilibrium after some little struggle.

"Goin' to Quitman—too? Tha's my home. An' I'm glad—meet you. I



"You ain't goin' to get off at Tugaloo this time o' night?"

"I know a gen'l'm'n—an' I'll stan' your frien'—I mean it. Missur—Missur—"

"My name's Lambert," said the lieutenant, quietly essaying to relieve Mr. Potts of the sword.

"Lammert? Glad—meet you—Missur Lammert. Where'd you say you blonged?"

"I'm going to Tugaloo."

"Tugaloo?—Tha's no kin' of place. C'mawn to Quitman. Come to my house. What 'n 'ell's this?" he broke off suddenly.

"My sword," said Lambert, simply.

"Sword?—sword?" exclaimed Potts. "You goin' Tugaloo with wha? You—Yankee officer like that—wha's name?—Close?"

"A Yankee officer certainly," laughed Lambert. "I've never met Capt. Close."

The effect of this announcement on Mr. Potts was surprising. It well-nigh sobered him. He slowly drew back until he sat erect, his head wobbling a bit in spite of his efforts at self-control. Presently he began to speak, slowly and impressively at first, then winding up in a verbal entanglement:

"Missur Lam-p-ert, I didn't know I was talkin' to—Yankee officer—but— I'm a gen'l'm'n, suh, an' I stan' by wh-wha—I say. I mean to stan' your frien', suh; but as fo' that oh—fellu—Close—I'll see 'm in 'ell first."

## II.

It was sun-up and snapping cold when the brakeman shouted "Tugaloo," and gratefully Lambert stepped from the train and felt free air. Mr. Potts was sleeping soundly, doubled up in one of the seats. The only wakeful bipeds in sight were the conductor and his trainman. Unseen hands forward had shoved the trunk out upon the frosty boards. The sun was just peeping over a low wooded ridge before them. The track wound away among some desolate fields where tiny flakes of cotton still clung to the brown and withered stalks. In a cloud of steam the train pulled away, leaving Lambert and his trunk to look after each other as best they might, and as the cloud lifted the young officer looked curiously around him.

He was standing on a rude wooden platform whose shrunken planks left black, gaping seams between their upper faces, no . . . at least, beautiful in their thick coat of sparkling white. Except where the footmarks of the trainmen marred the smooth expanse, and where in two or three places the planks were gone entirely, this gleaming sheet stretched the length of the platform to where the white bulk of his trunk stood on end at the eastern edge. The charred, and blackened relic of a flight of stairs, led from the platform to the sloping ground some five feet below, but not, as a hand-rail warned the unwary,

against a breakneck plunge into space. Part of the platform itself had been burned away, and some charred and blackened posts, sticking bolt upright from the ground in the shape of a narrow rectangle, showed that a wooden building of some kind had formerly stood along the rear of the rickety staging. Midway along its length, on the southern side, a shed with a sloping roof had been loosely thrown together, and the ends nearest him, boarded in and pierced for a door and a couple of windows, bore over the threshold in black stencil the legend "Ticket Office." Under the shed were a couple of plows and some boxes. Out on the bare slope, midway between the track and a "snake" fence that paralleled it some twenty yards to the south, a dozen bales of cotton were huddled, three of them partially covered by old war-worn "paulus and ponchos," the others entirely exposed to the rain of sparks to be expected from any passing engine when the wind happened to blow from the track; and all of them, evidently, defenseless against the predatory hands of pilferers, for jagged rents were torn in the coarse sacking of each, and huge fistfuls of the white staple had been dragged from a dozen gaping wounds in every bale.

The red soil, showing here and there through the scant and withered herbage, was seamed with mule and wheel tracks, and a few rods away a broken-down farm wagon lay with a spoke-bristling hub close by its shattered axle, while the tire, rolling away from the general wreck, seemed to have crawled off to die by itself, and leaned rusting against one of the charred timbers. The southward view was limited to a long, low ridge of ugly, white-flecked cotton stalks. Eastward the sun was breaking a pathway through the fringe of trees along another ridge, and a faint line of mist, rising sluggishly in the intervening low ground, with the hollow rumble of the train crossing an invisible bridge, told of the presence of some slow-moving stream. Westward the track came into view around a thinly wooded hillside, with a clearing here and there, in which some low cabins were scattered.

With this cheerful outlook to greet him at three points of the compass, Lambert turned him to the north. There was a siding with a switch at each end, but, as three or four rails were missing opposite the west end of the platform, it stood to reason that the railway company found the other all that was necessary to the traffic of so bustling a place as Tugaloo. A brown freight car stood on the siding with wide-opened doors, and some household goods loomed in plain sight. "There is more honesty in this community than the United States marshal would give us to believe," thought Lambert, as he recalled the extract from a recent report which was shown him at department headquarters. He laid his satchel and sword upon the platform, and, wrapping his blue circular about his shoulders, took a few steps forward and a peep into the interior of the car. From the midst of bedsteads, bureaus and cheap old-fashioned furniture, a quantity of bedding had been hauled out upon the floor, and from the midst of the bedding a woolly head protruded—that of a negro fast asleep.

Beyond the car stood a dusty open square bordered on three sides by dingy wooden structures, some of two stories, but most of them only one in height. A wooden sidewalk framed the square in some places, and in others only indications of its former presence were to be seen. The sidewalk was bordered by a rude railing, to which, it was evident, horses and mules were tethered during business hours, for at one of the rails, even now, sprawled upon the soft, hoof-paved dust, a long-eared quadruped was half hanging by the bridle rein, while the dilapidated saddle had worked around during the night until it settled upon the animal's side.

Judging from such signs or legends as were visible over the doorways of Tugaloo, Lambert's impressions were that the vending of intoxicating drinks was the principal industry, as there were three saloons to one store devoted to general merchandise, which establishment, painted white and with an air of prosperity and a flock of cotton bales around it, bore the sign of J. Cohen, and told patently that the promoters of a relentless and one-sided trade had already made their lodgment in the midst of a helpless community.

It was sunrise, and not a soul was apparently stirring. A street led away northward at right angles to the main front of the square, and straggling horses lined it at intervals on either side. One of these, with a belfry, at the corner of the plaza, seemed to be a meeting house of some kind, possibly the pro tempore substitute for the county courthouse, thought Lambert, for the center of the square was still heaped with charred and blackened beams and bricks where once the courthouse stood.

As for the camp or quarters of his future comrades and associates, Lambert could see nothing that in the least resembled a military station, and, as far as he could, the boy found it impossible to down the faintly heartick, homesick feeling that speedily took possession of him. A dog would have been welcome as companion, but there was not even a stray dog. For a moment Lambert thought of arousing the negro, but after one glance at the wide, red cavern of his mouth and the emptied flask lying close to the frozzy head, he decided in favor of the mule.

A short walk brought him to the side of the prostrate creature, and a long pull induced his muleship to stagger to his feet, but in his struggles he snapped the old headstall, and the remnant of the bit and bridle dropped into the dust. It was not until the vagrant stood erect that Lambert discovered from the U. S. brand that he was, or had been, government property. The saddle, too, turned out to be one of the old-fashioned, black-skirted, pigskin McClellans, so familiar during the war days. As the mule seemed only half awake and unaware as yet of his freedom Lambert

first essayed to reset the saddle, to which he submitted without objection, and then to replace the bridle, to which he would not submit at all, but with lowered front and menacing hoof turned him about and jogged over to where some wisps of hay lay scattered in front of a shanty labeled "Post Office." For a few minutes Lambert exercised his arts to vain effort to recapture that mule, and then, in sheer disgust, threw the bridle on the sidewalk, picked up an abandoned half brick, and let the mule have it in the flank. He merely twitched his scraggy hide, raised one instant the nearest hoof, but never lifted his head. The brute was hungry from long fasting, and did not mean to be disturbed, and Lambert, who had eaten nothing since the previous day, was presently in full sympathy. Once more he looked around in search of some human being, and found himself confronting a citizen in shirt sleeves and a tangled head of hair, who, leaning out of a second-story window was nevertheless not 20 feet away. For a moment each regarded the other without a word. Then the native spoke:

"What yer tryin' to do?"

"I was trying to catch that mule."

"Want him fr anything?"

"No; only I found him tangled in his reins, and he got away after I loosed him."

The native regarded the newcomer curiously. Lambert had slung his blue cape over the hitching rail during his brief pursuit of the ungrateful beast and his neat-fitting suit of tweed was something new to Tugaloo eyes. So was the jaunty drab derby.

"You don't bl'long rouh' yere, do you?" queried Tugaloo next.

"I don't; and the Lord knows I don't want to; and I'd be glad to find some way of getting myself and my trunk yonder, out to camp. Can you suggest any?"

"We-ell, you might walk. Don't reckon your trunk kin, though. Know the way?"

"No."

"Foller the track down thar a piece, an' you'll come to a path along the branch. It'll take you right in 'mongst the tents. Tain't more 'n a few rawds."

"Thank you, my friend. You're the first live man I've found. I suppose I can send in for my trunk?"

"Reckon ye can. They're gawt mule an' wagons enough."

Lambert gathered up his belongings and trudged away. He did not mean to yield to the feeling of depression that was struggling to possess him, yet the blue devils were tugging at his heart-strings. Wasn't this just what his classmates had prophesied would happen if he went into the infantry? Could any service be much more joyless, uneventful, forlorn, than this promised to be? "Mark Tapley himself would go to pieces in such a place," he had heard some one at headquarters say of Tugaloo, but he meant to out-Tapley Mark if need be, and nobody should know how much he wished he hadn't been assigned to this sort of duty and to this particular regiment—certainly not his classmates, and, above all, not the loving mother at home. Heavens! how unlike was this bleared, wasted, desolate land to the sweet and smiling New England vale where his boyhood had been spent, to the thickly-settled, thrifty, bustling shores of the Merrimack!

He had walked nearly a mile and had seen no sign of camp or sentry, but on a sudden the path left the brushwood beside the sluggish "branch," rounded a projecting knoll, and was lost in a rough, red clay, country road. A fence, with a thick hedge of wild-rose-bushes, was to his left—leaves and roses long since withered—and over the tops he caught sight of the roof and upper story of some old southern homestead, at which he had a better peep from the gate-way farther along. A path of red brick led to the flight of steps, broad and bordered by unpretentious balustrades. Dingy white columns supported the roof of a wide piazza. Smoke was drifting from a battered pipe projecting from the red brick chimney at the north end, and the morning air was faintly scented with a most appetizing fragrance of broiling, lam. It made Lambert ravenous.

Somewhere around the next bend in the road, beyond the northward extremity of the old fence, he could hear the sound of voices and a splashing of water. Hastening on, he found himself overlooking a level "bench" surrounded on three sides by a deep bend of the stream and partially separated from the red roadway by a fringe of stunted trees and thick, stubborn bushes; and here, in an irregular square, Lambert came face to face with the encampment of the first company, outside of West Point. It was over his luck to join. At that particular moment he was just about ready to resolve it should be the last.

On two sides of the square, facing each other and perhaps 20 yards apart, were the "A" tents of the company, ten on a side. At the flank farthest from the road and pitched so as to face the center of the enclosure was a wall tent, backed by one or two of the smaller pattern. Nearest the road was a second wall tent, used, possibly, by the guard—though no guards were visible—the white canvas cover of an army wagon, and a few more scattered "A" tents. Cook-fires had been ablaze and were now smouldering about the wagon. Several men in gray woolen shirts were washing their faces at the stream; others, in light-blue overcoats, were sauntering about the tents, some of whose occupants, as could be easily seen, were still asleep.

Standing at the edge of the winding road, and thinking how easy a matter it would be to toss a hand-grenade into the midst of the camp, Lambert paused a moment and studied the scene. Resting on his sword, still in its chamois case, with his cloak and satchel thrown over his shoulder, the young officer became suddenly aware of a man, wearing the chevrons of a corporal who, fishing-rod in hand, was standing just beyond a clump of bushes below and looking up at him with an expression

(To be continued)



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Mrs. William McAllister is improving in health.

Mrs. Frank Schworm and children are visiting in Akron.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brownberger, 73 North Erie street, a son.

The three Meuser brothers moved into their three new Chester street houses today.

Miss Nettie Reas, of Canal Dover, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Schworm.

Mrs. Olivia Poe has returned from Pittsburg, where she was the guest of her son, Clifford.

Miss Ida McGrath has returned to Alliance, after spending a few days with Mrs. Lonnie Bullock.

Mrs. Herman Haerlin, of Springfield, O., and Chas. Falor, of Cuyahoga Falls, are visiting their parents, Mr. and T. J. Falor.

Mr. Henry Dennis, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is visiting among his brothers and sisters in this city. At present he is visiting S. A. Dennis.

The entertainment given by Miss Mary Kolbe at the Armory, Tuesday night, is for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. John Larkin and daughter Maud have returned to their home in Pittsburg, after spending three weeks with her brother, John Milan, in Wooster street.

Mrs. Maggie Davis, the widow of the late Thomas Davis, who was killed in a mine accident recently, has gone to North Lawrence to make her home with her parents.

Dr. William Groff mourns the loss of a watch which disappeared from his pocket while down town Thursday evening. It is a Hampden movement in a gold filled case.

Miss Anna Moody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Moody, went into the garden Thursday, and found a half-ripe strawberry as big as a thumb, another one-half that size and a blossom.

Mrs. L. V. Bookins, Mrs. E. D. Brant, Mrs. Atlee Pomerene and Mrs. Edward G. Bookins, of Canton, will receive from 2 to 3 on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2, at the Bookins home, No. 711 North Market street, in honor of Mrs. Charles J. Bookins.

Alvin Hill, jr., and Miss Myrtle M. Whistler, of this city, were quietly married on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents in Park street. Mr. and Mrs. Hill left immediately for Cleveland. Mr. Hill is employed in the local office of the C. & W. railway company.

A communication has been received in this city from Colorado Springs, Colo., which tells of the serious illness of J. S. Kirkland, who went to that place some months ago hoping to regain his lost health. Mr. Kirkland has many friends in Massillon who will learn of his unfortunate condition with deep regret.

James Saint is five years old and with his father, F. J. Saint, spent Thursday with Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Barnes. In the afternoon the lad decided to take a look at the town and he reached the Miller mine west of town, before he thought of returning. His father was much worried during his absence, but with the aid of a policeman the boy was finally found.

The Canton-Massillon Postoffice Clerks' Association has been organized with these officers: N. W. Lutz, president; Jerome F. Shepley, vice president; Michael Bar, secretary; Ed. J. Mack, treasurer. The object of the association is to obtain legislation classifying the postal clerks so that they will receive equal pay for equal work throughout the United States. At the present time their pay is at the pleasure of the postmaster.

It is reported at Cleveland that at the meeting of the United Mine Workers of America, which will be held in January, President Penna, of the organization, will resign his office to go into business. He has property interests, which, it is said, will suffer if he retains the position. The candidates for the position will be M. D. Ratford, president of Ohio mine workers, and Patrick McBryde, who for a long time was secretary of the national organization.

Though the foot ball game went to Canton, Massillon rejoices that the inter-urban oak walk, held this year on Thanksgiving eve at Culp's rink in Canton, resulted in triumph to home talent. Twelve couples entered for the prize, but Mr. William Bell and Miss Louisa Robinson easily and gracefully won honor and the cake. Mr. Bell was carefully groomed for the event, and Miss Robinson was daintily gowned. Mr. Charles Robinson, also of Massillon, who walked with Mrs. John Hensen, won the second prize. In the prize waltz a Youngstown lady and a consistent member of a leading Canton church were declared winners. At the express request of the church member his name is withheld.

Twelve years ago little Nellie McMillan, second daughter of Mrs. Julia Lowe McMillan, a blue eyed, flaxen haired tot, of 4½ years, spent a winter with Mrs. Helen L. Beatty, her father having died at Macon City, Mo., just previous to her coming. From that age it has been her aim to make a teacher of herself. She received some distinction among her little friends when in Massillon as being the only child of her age in St. Timothy's Sunday school, who could recite the ten commandments and Apostles' creed without assistance. Last summer Miss Helen L. McMillan, graduated from the Kansas City high school, being the youngest of a class of 175 scholars. She then took the substitute's examination, and was the youngest of a class of thirty successful applicants of a class of 118, who took the examination. She immediately enrolled as a substitute, and served in that capacity whenever called upon, and when not substituting, gave her time as assistant in primary work for the experience thus gained. Just seven weeks after receiving her certificate, much to her joy she received a permanent position as teacher in the Madison school of Kansas City. Miss McMillan is not yet 17 years old, and is the youngest teacher in Kansas City.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

## SOCIETY AT BLACK RUN

Unfortunate Mischance in the Course of True Love.

### SUFFOCATED SUITOR IN A CLOSET

A Belle of Scioto County Is Overburdened With Lovers—Fatal Accident to a Miner Near Salem—A Curious Accident Causes the Death of a Marysville Citizen.

Miss Irene Luther, the belle of Black Run, in Northern Scioto county, has two ardent suitors. Last week, by an unfortunate mishance, they both arranged to call upon her on the same evening, and Miss Luther, with great foresight, deemed it best to interrupt her tete-a-tete with suitor No. 1 when No. 2 was announced, and in order to avoid a scene, shut him into a convenient closet. Conversation with suitor No. 2 proved so alluring that the Belle of Black Run forgot completely the fact that No. 1 was languishing in his dark retreat, and when she did finally remember his existence, he was found insensible and it became necessary to summon a doctor to resuscitate him. Society in Black Run is reported as being much upset by this occurrence.

Andrew J. Shepard, a miner, aged about 50 years, was killed on Tuesday by a fall of slate in a mine two miles north of Salem. Shepard was drawing pillars when a quantity of slate, weighing about 1,000 pounds, tumbled from the roof, falling directly upon his head.

William S. Smith, a well known citizen of Marysville, O., died on Monday as the result of a peculiar accident. Three years ago he swallowed a small rubber plate with a tooth attached to it. Physicians decided at the time that nothing could be done for him, and Mr. Smith suffered no ill effects until about three weeks ago, when he complained of a violent pain in his chest, which continued until his death. A post mortem examination was made, and the tooth and rubber plate were found in the esophagus four inches above the stomach.

### TWO WILMOT WEDDINGS.

WILMOT, Nov. 27.—J. E. Wentling and Miss Odessa Grant, both of this place, were married on Thanksgiving Day by the Rev. Mr. Frey, at the bride's home. About fifty guests were present. George Giesecker, of this place, and Miss Laura Ricksecker, who lives near Mt. Eaton, were also married yesterday. Thanksgiving evening was made memorable by an Epworth League social.

### HE WILL LECTURE.

CRYSTAL SPRING, Nov. 28.—Prof. J. H. Thomas, of Navarre, will lecture on "Phrenology and Physiognomy," in Leonard's opera hall, on next Wednesday and Thursday evenings, December 2 and 3. Mr. Thomas is a graduate of the American Institute of Phrenology (Fowler and Wells Co., New York). Everybody is cordially invited to come and see for yourself. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

### WALKING FROM WASHINGTON.

NORTH LAWRENCE, Nov. 28.—Two ladies by the name of Edwards, who are walking from Spokane, Wash., to New York City, on a wager of \$1,000, stopped here for dinner today. They started on May 5, and have until December 19, to complete their trip. They have worn out eight pairs of shoes and have slept out a number of nights since starting on their journey. They expect to call on Major McKinley this evening.

### A NAVARRE DIVORCE.

NAVARRE, Nov. 28.—Mary Hay, whose maiden name was Smith, by her attorney, D. W. Shetler, has filed a petition for divorce from her husband, William Hay, alleging extreme cruelty and failure to provide as her reasons.

### Senator Sherman Interviewed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—[By Associated Press]—Senator Sherman gave to the Evening Star a flat denial today of the report of an arrangement between him and Hanna as to the Ohio senatorship and a cabinet portfolio. He says there has been no conference or correspondence on the subject either with Hanna or McKinley. He would not talk on the subject of his reelection to the senate. He paid a high tribute to Mr. Hanna.

### McKinley's Saturday Callers.

CANTON, Nov. 28.—[By Associated Press]—There were many callers came today. Col. D. Weather kept the President-elect in doors. Senator Wellington, of Maryland, was among the first to call. S. A. Perkins, assistant secretary at the national committee headquarters, New York, is also here.

### Fire at Nelsonville.

NELSONVILLE, O., Nov. 28.—[By Associated Press]—The entire plant of the East Layton Brick Making Company was burned today. Loss \$100,000; insurance \$22,000. One hundred men are out of employment.

### Charged With Sunday Shooting.

Samuel Kline, of Navarre, pleaded not guilty to a charge of hunting on Sunday preferred by Game Warden Dangleisen before Justice Sibley, Saturday morning, and gave bond for his appearance later.

### To Los Angeles, Cal.

In 84 hours via the Queen & Crescent and Southern Pacific (Sunset Limited) Leave Cincinnati every Wednesday and Sunday 8:30 a. m. arrive Los Angeles Saturday and Wednesday 8:05 p. m., San Francisco, Sunday and Thursday 1:45 p. m.

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## SPANISH CONSULATE THREATENED.

Cubans of Key West Angry Over an Arrest in Havana.

KEY WEST, Nov. 28.—The Cubans of this place are greatly stirred up over the arrest in Havana of C. E. Pendleton. It is claimed that any harm done him in Havana will be reciprocated by an attack on the Spanish consulate at Key West.

Pendleton sent word by the steamer Aransas that he would telegraph concerning certain matters, but nothing has been heard from him. The people will await the arrival of the Olivette today before any action is taken.

HAVANA, Nov. 28.—C. E. Pendleton, a correspondent of a New York paper, has been arrested here while on the point of embarking for Key West on the steamer Aransas. It is believed that his detention is due to the fact that there was something wrong with his passports or other papers.

## SPAIN WOULD FIGHT,

If We Recognized the Cubans, So Weyler Intimates.

### HE IS NOT AFRAID OF MCKINLEY.

He Denies That Spain Has Played the Tyrant With Cuba—Claims to Be Well Satisfied With His Present Campaign, Goes to the Front Again.

HAVANA, Nov. 28.—Captain General Weyler has left Havana on the Spanish cruiser La Gazpi, for Mamel, province of Pinar Del Rio, where he will resume personal command of the Spanish forces operating against the insurgents. Before leaving he was interviewed by your correspondent. He expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the campaign in Pinar Del Rio. He then said:

"I went over all the northern hills and occupied the insurgent positions without any serious resistance on the part of the enemy. Cacarajeara and Rubi, which the insurgents claimed were impregnable, were occupied by our troops after dislodging the enemy. At Rubi he offered the greater resistance, but yielded after a few hours' fighting. We found no trace of Maceo's people after that, although all the other points were reconnoitered by small detachments from our columns. The southern points were also reconnoitered, and the positions where the rebels had encamped are now in possession of our troops. There remains still to be reconnoitered the ranges of the hills in the eastern part of the province. Maceo has nothing left for him to do but to scatter his followers into small parties in order to enable them to escape our columns which are now hunting for them, since they offer no resistance and refuse to accept a meeting with our troops, who are chasing them in all directions. I am confident of soon pacifying Pinar Del Rio."

The rebellion in the other provinces he said he hoped to soon crush, as there were no hills like in Pinar Del Rio and there were no leaders like Maceo. The rebels under Gomez and Garcia were destroying and burning merely to attract the attention of the Spanish troops and not attention would be paid to them.

"Do you believe President McKinley will follow the policy of President Cleveland in regard to Cuba?" he was asked.

"McKinley represents public wealth and the producing elements of that country and I cannot believe that a man who represents the work, virtue and prosperity of his country can carry out a policy which would compromise the interests entrusted to his talents and discretion as a public man. Hence, I think that McKinley will be guided by a just and equitable policy, without passion and with prudence such as is counseled by the interests of the American people and the cordial relations long existing between Spain and the United States."

General Weyler denied that he would confiscate rebel property, for there was very little to confiscate and that was mortgaged to friends of the Spanish cause.

He said he would not allow the sugar crop to be gathered before February or March, as the rebels would extort the money from the planters that they obtained for their crop to aid them to carry on the war. In this he had the support of the planters and the merchants from whom the planters borrowed money to handle their crops.

"It is reported that the Spanish minister for war intends to send another large contingent of troops to Cuba in January," said the correspondent.

"I don't know," replied General Weyler. "I only think, I can assure you, that the nation is prepared to make all kinds of sacrifices, both in money and men, as has already been proved, to conquer in this undertaking and make Spain's sovereignty respected before and above everything. All the money spent and to be spent will be Spanish money. Cuba has been asked for nothing, neither for men nor for money. Her pride in her great national historic traditions alone impels Spain, and she will defend Cuba and will exhaust her last dollar and her last man in so doing. This is not only the feeling of the government, but also of the Spanish people, as is shown by the daily growing enthusiasm and sacrifices by the nation."

"Do you think, general, that the recognition of the belligerence of the insurgents by the United States would be taken as an offense by Spain?"

"It would be strange if any act directly aimed at a recognition of any challenge of Spain's right to sovereignty as being beyond question, did not evoke an explosion of popular feeling which it would be impossible to check, excited and ardent as public sentiment is now on the Cuban question in Spain."

Finally the correspondent asked General Weyler if he would agree to a trace in order to bring about an exchange of views between himself and the Cuban leaders. He answered:

"That would be out of the question. Such a step would give the insurgents

an importance which I cannot concede to them."

"The Cubans abroad complain strongly of Spanish tyranny, and attribute the revolution to the subjection of the Cubans by a despotic government under which they were not only debarred from liberty, but also from public employment in their own country. Can you make a statement on this subject?"

"They must offer some excuse for the treason and destruction to which they have dedicated themselves since taking arms. After the termination of the last war Cuba was conceded full liberty, with a rapidity of which few examples are shown among other people, the government inaugurated a regime granting ample Cuban representation, availing itself of the provisional laws until the members ratified them, establishing the right of the Cuban people upon an equality with the European Spaniards in the colonies. Almost simultaneously the present Spanish constitution was promulgated, recognizing the equality of white and black, Cuban and Spaniard, in this region. The provincial and municipal laws are alike in the provinces of Spain. There is absolute freedom of the press, public meetings and association and public judicial procedure. In short, the Cubans have all the liberties that are enjoyed by the Spaniards in their native country."

"As to the social question, the patronato or patronship of slaves was decreed, which widened the scope of the abolition measures and reduced the time appointed for the gradual and total abolition of slavery."

"But," insisted the correspondent, "the Cubans complain that they are deprived of holding public office."

"This is another notoriously unjust assertion," said General Weyler. "The Cubans are left out not through Spain's tyranny (with emphasis), but because they do not seek to hold office. During slavery times all the wealthy people were not found among the bourgeoisie. But even from the earliest times there is no denying the fact that Cubans have held the offices of controllers and sub-controllers of the revenue, like Pinillos and Ramirez, besides similar important posts since the treaty of San Juan was signed. It is a fact that 80 per cent of public employees are Cubans. Not only in Cuba, but in Spain do Cubans hold public office. For example, Calixto Garcia, who was three times sentenced to death and pardoned, held the office of auditor of the Bank of Castilla. His son is in the employ of the state in the Philippine islands. Many leaders of the former rebellion have held and still hold important posts in Cuba."

"No province in Spain has such a large proportion of state employees, and since the last war some of the most important places in the administration have been held by Cubans. The provincial governors and their secretaries, the president of the high court of state, the attorneys, the magistracy, the rectors and professors of the university, the officials of the customs revenue and the heads of other public offices, the administrative counselors, the registers of property and, in fact, from the chief political secretary down to the humblest position it may be said that nearly all the posts are held by Cubans. In Madrid Cubans are employed in the tribunal of accounts, in the council of state and in the ministerial departments, to say nothing of those who acted as ambassadors to high powers, and as under secretaries to the ministers. I assure you that there is over 1,000 Cuban officers in the Spanish army and that there are over 500 fighting in Cuba for Spain, ranking from general down to subalterns of all the regular forces."

"But," said the correspondent, "the Cubans assert that even in the local popular posts they are barred out through the high degree of qualification required."

"This is also incorrect," said the general. "Only the possession of \$5 per annum of taxable property is the requirement. Where the Cubans represent wealth they have the provincial offices, as in Puerto Principe, Santa Clara and many other towns in the eastern department. Where, however, they are not wealthy, and could not count in with the majority, they were retained in the minority."

"But even at this, most of the municipal positions were in the hands of the Cubans, and the same was the case with the minor persons and the state offices."

Later your correspondent called upon the chief of staff here and informed him that a dispatch received in New York from Jacksonville, Fla., stated that General Weyler during the recent operations in Pinar Del Rio lost 700 men killed and 1,500 wounded by the explosion of an insurgent mine and that 2,000 men of the Spanish force were killed and 4,000 wounded during the two days' fighting in the Rabi hills. The chief of staff distinctly stated that there was no truth in the statements made.

### CUBANS MOURN THEIR MARTYRS.

Services of an Elaborate Nature in West Tampa, Fla.

TAMPA, Fla., Nov. 28.—The Cubans of this city have held their annual mourning celebration to commemorate the execution of the eight medical students who were the victims of a vicious Spanish mob in Havana on Nov. 27, 1871.

With few exceptions every Cuban residence has portraits of the unfortunate students decorating the walls. These were draped as were the front of many of the residences. The usual ceremonies of the day—a day observed among the Cubans more than Decoration day among the Americans—consisted of appropriate speeches by the leading Cuban patriots and songs and poems by Cuban scholars in Spanish held in West Tampa, where several thousand Cubans had assembled. Each of the students was eulogized and their martyrdom was dwelt upon with pathos. The rising generation of Cubans were called upon ever to bear in mind the bravery of these young men.

### Big Arbitration Mass Meeting.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.—Prominent members of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen are arriving in St. Louis preparatory to what is intended to be a monster open mass meeting of railroad men at Druids hall, Sunday afternoon, in the interest of arbitration.

### Astronomer Killed by a Fall.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 28.—Benjamin Anthon Gould, famous as a scholar and astronomer, is dead. While descending the stairs he accidentally fell and struck on his head.

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